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# The HONEYMOON COOK

By HARRIET G. CANFIELD

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They had been married two years, "long enough," Prue suddenly declared, "to dispense with all honeymoon demonstrativeness."

Tom Dawson put down his ening paper and stared at the pretty little partner of his joys and sorrows. "I'm afraid I don't understand, dear," he

"Why, it's very simple. If you know that I care for you-and I am certain that you care for me-all signs of affection are quite superfluous; they may be dropped."

"Oh!" Tom said dubfously. "Well, what shall I drop first?" There was a twinkle in his eyes, and Prue saw it.

"To be serious," she pleaded, "to begin with, you must not kiss me when you come home to dinner and-andother times. You must drop"-

"Drop you a courtesy instead," he interrupted her laughingly.

"Don't be ridiculous, Tom! You know very well that there are many useless customs that should be abandoned, many things that should be dropped."

"Yes," he said, smiling whimsically; "Hannah thinks so, I know. She dropped my meerschaum this morning. We must take lessons of that girl, Prue, or drop her. On the whole, I think we'd better drop her."

"It will not be necessary," she said, with dignity. "Hannah gave notice this morning. I shall have to find some one else within a week."

"I'm sorry-sorry, I mean, for the family she'll drop down on next. Hannah's no feather weight, you know. Speaking of dropping"-

"I am not speaking of it now. It is quite useless while you are in such a mood," she said indignantly, rising from her chair.

Before she could leave the room Tom was at her side. "Forgive me, dear," be said. "I didn't know you were in such sober earnest." He stopped to kiss the pink cheek next to him, but Prue lifted a protesting hand. "Don't, Tom!" she said. "You forget; it isn't necessary."

"No, 'it isn't necessary' "-the words came soberly enough now-"only sweet and natural."

And the next day, when the time came to say goodby, Prue had no ocdemonstrativeness."

"Tom is very sensible this morning." she said to herself, but she sighed as she said it and went about all day with a wistful look in her blue eyes. Tom was "sensible" in the evening also, and the nert morning he was so very sensible that Prue cried a little, but perhaps it was for joy. Even "sensible" people do that.

That afternoon Matilda made her appearance. Hannah came into the sitting room to announce her arrival. "Matilda Stebbins is here, Mrs. Dawson," she said, "after my place. Will I show her in, ma'am? She and me used to work together once, and she's dreadful good cook."

"Yes, I will see her," Prue said. And in a moment a tall, lank, freckle faced girl was standing in the doorway, smiling at her. "Will you be seated?" Prue asked pleasantly, and the girl slid into a chair, still smiling.

"I ope you'll give me a try," she said. "H'd like first rate to cook for you and him."

It was Prue's turn to smile. "Have you had muc. experience?" she asked. "Heaps of it ma'am, but never long to one place."

"That seems strange!" Prue ex-"Well, you see, ma'am, the honey-

moons don't usually stretch out over and above six months." "The honeymoons?" "Yes, ma'am. I don't cook and do

for none but new married folks. Hannah told me about you and him when she first came here two months ago. said as how she knew you was dust married."

Prue blushed. "How did Hannah noweit?" she asked.

Easy enough, ma'am. It's like asles and whoopin' cough. She I tell by the symptoms. I'd rather where there's lovemakin' goin' on hel than read the best novel ever

> as a teresting, but very emto Mrs. Thomas Dawson. go she would have laughed atilda's sayings and have enjlyment in repeating But present conditions remarks seem almost felt tempted to en-

"did Hannah tell received and the to do?"

I don't think goin' to work

tilda was very attentive in her service at table, beaming on them as though the would say, "Bless you, my chilfren!" Late in the evening, when they were apparently much absorbed in reading, they heard a strange sound, half cough, half sneeze, in the hall. Prue looked up from the book. "What was that?" she said. Tom was on his way to the door when Matilda entered the room. "It was me, ma'am," she O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O said. "I never walk in on new married folks without givin' 'em warnin' I'm a-comin'-not at first. Of course they get used to me after awhile and go right on loverin' if I do see 'em. Nothin' suits me better'n that!"

Prue's face was scarlet. She dared not look at Tom. Oh, why had she engaged the services of such a silly, sentimental creature?

"If you please, ma'am," Matilda continued, "I'm goin' home now to get my clothes, and I'll say good night to you and him."

"Thought we were 'new married folks,' did she?" Tom said grimly. "I can't imagine why. She's a good cook," he added, "and I hope we can keep her."

"We can." Prue said to herself, "if we will meet her peculiar requirements. But I'll not be driven into any foolishly unnecessary display of affection."

For three days the Dawsons enjoyed the results of Matilda's culinary efforts, but a heavy heart will affect the best of appetites somewhat, and on the fourth day Matilda complained that they "didn't seem to relish their victuals" and she "guessed she'd better be goin'."

"Oh, no," Prue cried. "No one could suit us better than you do."

"I'm glad of that, ma'am; but there's another reason." And she hung her

Prue was painfully embarrassed, for she could guess the other reason. "I hope you will stay," she stammered.

"I'll think it over till tomorrow, ma'am, but I feel as if Hannah hadn't been fair with me, leadin' me to expect things was different between you and him from what they really be."

Tom came home later than usual that night. Prue was in the hall giving some instructions to Matilda when he opened the door. His eyes looked tired and sad, she thought. She hesitated a moment-only a moment-for Matilda was present, and now was her opportunity to redeem herself in the girl's eyes, when she ran to meet her husband and held up her face to be kissed. The tired look faded from his eyes as if by magic, and he put both arms around her and held her close. "Has my little wife come to her senses?" he asked.

"Hush!" she answered. "I still think it's unnecessary, but Matilda likes it. She refuses to stay unless we are 'affectionate like." And she laughed hys-

"Oh," Tom said. That was all, but there was a world of disappointment in the exclamation. Then he looked beyond his wife at Matilda, who stood beaming at him, her hands clasped in ecstasy. "Well, she'll stay now," he said bitterly. "I congratulate you."

Yes; Matilda had decided to remain. She came to the sitting room door after dinner to announce her decision. After she had gone Prue left her seat

and moved restlessly about the room. Then she sighed so deeply that Tom looked up from his paper. "Headache?" he asked.

"N-no," she said. Her lips trembled. and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed out, "It's just heart ache,

"Heart ache?" he said gently. "I thought I had a monopoly of that." Prue came close to his chair and

leaned against an arm of it. "Tom," she cried remorsefully-"Tom, dear, will you forgive me and"-her voice sank to a whisper-"kiss me?"

He caught her hands in his and drew her down beside him. "To please Matilda?" he asked.

"Oh, Tom, you know better!" "Because if it's to please that girl I'll be hanged if I"- But something prevented further speech just then.

When the Dawsons celebrated their tin wedding it was with the assistance of their honeymoon cook.

An Unfamfliar Dislect.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the terminus of some bus lines, it did not matter which, and waited a little she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route and then could choose that which she

wished to visit. She found a place where buses were arriving and departing and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Moblotch, Moblotch!" and she wondered what part of London "Moblotch" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said. where one takes the bus for the Marble arch?"

The man looked at her pityingly American accent was thick upon und he perceived also that she mon deaf. He loaned toward her ing fra long breath. Then he bel-

us and ur bus, ma'am!" and be-our ma Moblotch, Moblotch!" physician I let seven "Moblotch" and all with use she never once awful cut I'v is the way Marble

How to Make Bavarian Cake. Bavarian Christmas cakes are held in such high esteem by those who regard them as a national delicacy, as we look on our pumpkin pie, that some Bavarians send to their own country every year for flour and wine. so that they may be sure to secure the true flavor. The following is the recipe, and from it American flour and American wine will produce satisfactory results. The cakes are difficult to mix properly, but are well worth the trouble, and when packed in fancy boxes or baskets they make a pretty little trifle for a Christmas present to an acquaintance: They require threefourths of a pound of flour, one-half of a pound of butter, one-fourth of a pound of granulated sugar and the yolk of one egg and three tablespoonfuls of white wine. The butter and sugar are worked thoroughly together and the flour added until they are of a consistency to roll out. They should be about three-quarters of an inch

thick and cut in different shapes. How to Make Sugared Popcorn. Sugared popcorn can be made for Christmas in several ways. For molasses popcorn take a half cupful of granulated sugar and a cupful of New Orleans molasses and a small piece of butter. Boil over the fire, stirring occasionally until the sirup threads; then pour it slowly over the loose popcorn, mixing the corn with a spoon, so as to distribute the sirup evenly. If one desires it can be molded into balls or served loose in a bowl. Maple popcorn balls are made in the same way, using maple sirup instead of molasses. A plain sugar sirup, colored with a little cochineal water, may also be used, jungle. and the bright pink popcorn will delight the children.

# BALLARD'S HOREHOUND

SYRUP Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy ough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, Druggist, Shullsburg, Wisconsin, writes, May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle, they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it. 25c, 50s and \$1.00 at all

#### COLONY FOR THE POOR.

Philanthropist's Plans to Found Montana Town With Syracusans.

John Hazeltine of Syracuse, who is well known throughout central New York as a philanthropist and first superintendent of the Municipal Lodging House of Syracuse, announced recently that he was planning to take a colony of 1,000 Syracuse people to Montana to establish a town, says the New York

Mr. Hazeltine, through his charitable work, has obtained a list of practically all the poor people of the city, and it is from them that he proposes to select his colonists. He expects every one, however, to have \$50 when starting on the trip. He states that he has been in communication with four families who went from this section a year ago to Montana, and it is upon their statements that he undertakes to found his

He says that fertile lands can easily be obtained from the government, and the question of making a good living and having a surplus at the end of the year is simply one of work. He is enthusiastic in the project, believing that the settling of western lands by poor people from eastern cities will solve the problem of relieving poverty.

## CAMPUS CHAT.

President Angell of the University of Michigan in his annual report to the board of regents asserts his loyalty to the cause of co-education.

Professor J. Scott Clark will be in charge of a department at the Northwestern university, Chicago, which will teach fiction writing and even attempt historical novels.

Professor Henry B. Dates, the new professor of electrical engineering at the University of Colorado, occupied a similar position for several years at the School of Technology at Potsdam, N. Y.

The appointment of Mr. Alexander W. Mair to the Greek chair at Edinburgh, in succession to Professor Butcher, has excited some criticism, inasmuch as the new professor is only twenty-eight years of age, but he had a most distinguished career at Aberdeen and at Cambridge.

## CHURCH AND CLERGY.

Rev. Charles Gordon Ames of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birth-

Rev. James L. Dolliver, father of the junior senator from Iowa, is coming to be regarded as "the Grand Old Man of the Buckeye State." It is sixty years since he entered the ministry. Colonel A. A. Pope has founded a church without any sectarianism in Cohasset, Mass., in memory of his son. All are welcome to worship in the church, pagan or Christian, Jew or

Rev. Dr. John T. Heischmann, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran church. Brooklyn, celebrated the other day an unusual double anniversary, the twenty-fifth occurrence of his wedding day and of the date upon which he assumed the pastorate of the church.

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# JAMAICA'S MYSTERY.

THE FINGER OF FATE IN THE FALL OF HER CAPITALS.

Tragedies That Are Written in the History of Her Ruined Cities-Two of Them Vanished Utterly From Off the Face of the Earth.

There exists in Jamaica, in the West Indies, a universal superstition that a curse rests upon any town chosen to be its capital. Since 1509, when the first chief city was founded, no fewer than three capitals have been ruined in mysterious and tragic ways. Two have vanished utterly from the face of the earth. Some of the more superstitious of the colonists, brooding over the strange history of their country, fear that Kingston, the present capital, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, will share the fate of its predecessors.

The first capital was Sevilla Nueva (New Seville), otherwise called Seville d'Oro (the Golden Seville), on account of its marvelous wealth. It was founded by Don Juan d'Esquivel and Diego, a son of Christopher Columbus. In a few years it became the greatest Spanish city in the new world. Thither flocked the blue blooded but impecunious nobles of Castile, eager to rebuild their family fortunes at the expense of the poor Arawak.

Cathedrals, palaces and monasteries, rivaling those of Spain in splendor, were erected. The marble streets were crowded with gayly clad courtlers and Indian slaves, who toiled for them and brought them tribute from mine and

Then, in a night, the city vanished, and no one can tell today what happened to it. No survivors and no records were left behind to tell the tale. Today one can see, buried in tropical jungle, a mile of marble pavement and a few broken columns and arches. Nothing else remains of the Golden Seville, once so prosperous and splendid, except a few contradictory native traditions. These traditions variously ascribe the destruction of the city and its inhabitants to a mutiny of the oppressed Indians, an earthquake, a sudden visitation of millions of red ants and an attack by French buccaneers. The very memory of what was once the greatest city of the new day. world has almost perished. Even in Jamaica few people know anything

about the Golden Seville. The Spaniards made Saint Jago de la Vega, now called Spanish Town, their second capital. Time and again it was devastated by hurricane and plague, harassed by Indian revolts or ransacked by adventurous picaroous. Gradually it sank from its high estate until now it is merely a squalid village.

When the English conquered the island they made Port Royal their real capital, though Spanish Town remained for some time the official seat of government. The emporium of the Indies and the Spanish main, the market for the ill gotten gains of 10,000 buccaneers, Port Royal soon became the richest and wickedest city of the new world. At the height of its splendor and its vice it was destroyed within the space of two minutes by an earth. died near Berlin at the age of sixty-

"The ground opening in Several Places at once," wrote an eyewitness ology. in 1692, a few days after the catastrophe, "swallowed up Multitudes of Peoder water with Men, Women and Children in them; and those Houses which but just now appeared the Fairest and Loftiest in these Parts and might vie with the Finest Buildings in the World selected to contest South Meath in opwere in a moment Sunk in the Earth, and nothing to be seen of them; such Crying, such Shrieking and Mourning I never heard, nor could anything in my Opinion appear more Terrible to the Eye of Man. Here a Company of People Swallowed up at once; there a whole Street tumbling down, and in Another Place the Trembling Earth opening her Ravenous Jaws, let in the Merciless Sea, so that this Town is become a Heap of Ruins. Several People were Swallowed up of the Earth, when, the Sea breaking in before the Earth could Close, they were washed up again and Miraculously saved from Perishing. Others the Earth received up to their Necks, and then Closed upon them and squeezed them to Death, with their Heads above Ground, many of which the Dogs Eat; Multitudes of People Floating up and down, having no Burial. The Burying Place at the Palisadoes is quite Destroyed, the Dead Bodies being washed out of their Graves, their Tombs beat to Pieces and they floating up and down; it is sad to think how we have Suf-

"The Earth hath still fits of Shaking, with very much Thunder and Lightning, and dreadful Weather; yet this had so little effect upon some People here that the very same Night they were at their Old Trade of Drinking and Swearing; breaking up Warehouses; Pillaging and Stealing from their Neighbors, even while the Earthquake lasted, and several of them were destroyed in the very Act; and indeed this Place has been one of the Ludest in the Christian World, a sink of al

filthiness, and a mere Sodom." Old Port Royal lies buried beneath the sea. The present town of Port Royal, a place of no importance except as a coaling station, was built after the earthquake, a fire and a landslide having destroyed the few houses left

Kingston was not founded until the early part of the eighteenth century, but it has already been thrice destroy ed by fire and several times ravaged by hurricanes. The inhabitants naturally wonder what catastrophe will happen next.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, but very few a erous thing.-Pope.

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SIRES AND SONS.

Theodore Thomas, the conductor, has just celebrated his sixty-eighth birth-

John Pollock and Henry Gorell Barnes, sons of English noblemen, are enrolled as students in the Harvard Law school.

Ex-Governor F. M. Drake of iowa has just given \$5,000 to start a Bible college in India. He had previously given \$5,000 each for Bible colleges in China and Japan. C. E. Whittier, a brother of

Greenleaf Whittier, is a resident of Winnebago county, la. He is past seventy-six years of age and in good health. He is engaged in farming. Charles M. Booth of Englewood, N.

J., who has just celebrated his one hundredth birthday, claims to be the oldest holder of a life insurance policy in the United States. He was insured in 1843. The celebrated German weather

prophet, Dr. Rudolph Falb, has just five. He first studied theology, which he abandoned for the study of meteor-J. M. Zion, an Indiana horticulturist.

says his ambition in life is to produce ple together, whole Streets sinking un- an apple measuring twenty inches in circumference. He is experimenting with several varieties and thinks he will soon attain his desire.

John Howard Parnell, who has been position to David Sheeby, is a brother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell and city marshal of the city of Dublin. Mr. Parnell represented one of the divisions of Wicklow in the 1895 parlia-

The president of the Chio Bankers' association is Henry Flesh. He is one of the oldest bankers of the state and has been cashler of the Citizens' National bank of Piqua for more than twenty-five years. He is also president of the Citizens' National bank of Cov-

The last of Wellington's aids-de-camp passed away when the Duke of Richmond died recently. He had the unique distinction of being a duke four times over, having the strawberry leaves of Richmond in England, Lennox in Scotland, Gordon in the United Kingdom and D'Aubigny in France.

If the Canadians are determined to have free access to the Pacific along their entire coast line, there is a sure way to get it. All they have to do is to accept annexation with the United States.-Chicago News.

HE FOUND A CURE.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2d Street, Salt Lake City, writes: " I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years, have tried many doctors without relief, but I have found a cure in Herbine. I recommend it to all my friends, who are afflicted that way, and it is curing them, too. 50c at all durg-

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